

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.
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2 w'ks.	75	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 75	4 50	5 25	6 00	6 75
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1 m'.	25	50	75	1 00	1 25	1 50	1 75	2 00	2 25
2 m'.	50	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	3 00	3 50	4 00	4 50
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tor Mills, Tallmadge, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Shingles, &c. &c. Lamont, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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CONCENTRATED POTASH!
A Twenty-five cents per Can, which, with a half dozen pounds of grease, you can make fifteen gallons of Good Soap. Sold at GRIFFIN'S Drugstore.
July 25, '64

Get a Sewing Machine!
Whoever intends to purchase a good Family Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to call at the News Office. We can furnish them at all times upon the most advantageous terms.
Proprietors of the News.

[From the Mount Vernon (Ohio) Banner.]
Interesting Correspondence—An Ohio
General Proposes an Armistice.

PLEASANT TOWNSHIP,
Knox Co., Ohio, June 18.

General G. W. Morgan:
DEAR SIR—Inasmuch as you are one of the delegates from this congressional district to the Chicago Convention, both we and our neighbors are anxious to learn your views as to the true line of conduct to adopt in order to secure the return of peace and preservation of our liberties.
Very truly,
ROBT. MILLER,
WM. LAHMON.

MOUNT VERNON, O.,
June 17.

GENTLEMEN: Your note is before me, and with pleasure I comply with your request. There is always danger of civil war among a free people; and I do not believe that mere force can restore peace, or preserve the Union. In my humble judgment, wisdom and patriotism alike demand an armistice; and I believe that a cessation of hostilities would result in an honorable and happy peace.

An armistice is an agreed suspension of hostilities between belligerents for a specified time, and for a given purpose. In wars between civilized nations an armistice always precedes peace, though sometimes resorted to for other purposes. None but barbarian powers pursue hostilities to extermination, and extermination or complete exhaustion of both contending parties would be the necessary result in all wars, did not the opposing parties agree to suspend hostilities so that the question in dispute might be submitted to the arbitration of reason, after brute force had failed.

During an armistice the hostile armies maintain their respective positions, and if terms of adjustment are not agreed upon, hostilities can be re-commenced. But as a general and almost invariable rule, an armistice is followed by peace. The proposition for an armistice generally comes from the victor, and thus after the battle of Solferino, gained by the French, the Emperor Napoleon proposed an armistice to Francis Joseph of Austria, and peace was the result.

Without magnanimity there can be no real greatness, and the absence of it is the certain evidence of a want of proper self-respect. The cause of the Union has been nobly vindicated on more than a hundred battle-fields, and the deeds of our soldiers have reflected immortal glory upon our arms. But our enemy has been equally brave; and, although we have secured, we accord an honest admiration for the heroism which has half redeemed a mistaken cause.

The world has never seen such battles, either in point of numbers or dauntless intrepidity. We have sent to the field more than two millions of men; and nearly, if not all, one-half of them have gone down to their graves. More than one-third of the entire population of the loyal states have been actual combatants in this war. Whole regions of the country have been made desolate; the busy hum of workshops has been hushed, as if palsied by eternal death; the plow has been left in the middle of the furrow, and the father, the husband and the son have alike gone out to battle. And yet naught, absolutely naught, has been gained toward the restoration of that grand and noble Union formed by our fathers. I say, then, for a time let the torrent of blood be stayed, let the olive branch supplant the sword, and heaven-born reason take the place of force. Victory has crowned our banners on unnumbered fields, and magnanimity will add luster to our arms.

Say to our countrymen of the South: "Let us reason together. Your homes have been draped in mourning, and so are ours. Many of our noblest sons have perished on the fields of battle, and such, alas, is the case with us. We are countrymen, and we have been friends, and even now, amid the red storm of battle, we are proud of each other's deeds. We honor the name of Lee, Lindy, Johnson, and of Jackson; and you respect those of McClellan, of Grant, and of Sedgwick. Let us talk together and call back the sacred memories of the past—Washington was your's and our's, and Franklin and Madison sat side by side in the convention which framed the great Constitution."

Reason is the attribute of the gods—carnage is the festival of fiends. Then let us assemble around the council fire, and for once imitate our brothers of the forest and smoke the calumet of peace. In a word, let the result of Richmond

be what it may, let us declare in favor of an armistice of sixty days. We can make the proposition with honor because it would be done on southern soil. We blockade all of the ports of the South not in our possession, and the great Father of Waters is ours from its source to its mouth. But we want peace, we want Union, we want a cessation of the carnage of war, and these blessings can only be obtained through an armistice.

In my letter to the State Central Committee, in September, 1863, I denounced the policy of President Lincoln in refusing to receive Alexander H. Stephens as confederate commissioner; and, since then, I have frequently urged the appointment of commissioners on our part, to meet with others to be appointed by the authorities of Richmond; and I respectfully advise, that I have so often recommended before.

With earnest hopes for the preservation of the Union, and the return of peace, I remain, gentlemen, your obliged fellow citizen,

GEORGE W. MORGAN.
To Robert Miller and William Lahmon.

MARRIED IN HASTE.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives the following account of a marriage that recently took place in Kenosha, in that State:

"Yesterday a party of young ladies and gentlemen were collected at one of our picture galleries in Kenosha, when the subject of marriage came up as the matter of conversation. Among the gentlemen was a gay young Lieutenant, of the 17th Illinois Cavalry, and among the ladies was a Miss M., daughter of one of the oldest settlers of our city. They proposed to get married to see how it would seem. Just then Justice Denning came in. Shoulder-straps asked the Squire if he would marry him. Miss M., jumped up, said she would have him. The Justice instructed them to stand up and take hold of hands. The usual questions were asked and answered, and in five minutes they were man and wife. Then came the serious part of the joke. When the new-made bride found she was really a bride, her laughter turned to tears. Her lawful husband wished her to go to his hotel with him, but she had fled to her own home. Her parents, nearly distracted, appealed to the justice to undo what he had done; but were informed that the statutes of Wisconsin gave him no authority to separate man and wife. Night came on. The bride was kept at home and the husband forbidden to enter the house. He is determined to have his lawful wife. She and her family are in great distress. This matters stand at the present moment.

A VERY singular occurrence was noted in the 10th Massachusetts yesterday. A sergeant had been engaged in the 2d Division Hospital the day previous in placing upon a number of headboards the names of members of his regiment who had been killed in the late fight, or had died in battle, which were to mark their last resting place. There was one board in excess, and in a sportive vein, he placed with a lead pencil his own name upon it, and the date of his demise, 20th of June, as his term of service had then expired and he was about to leave for home. Yesterday morning, while near the front bidding his companions in other regiments a farewell, he was struck in the breast by a twenty-pounder Parrot and instantly killed. His remains were interred to-day, and the very headboard he had unthinkingly inscribed with his own name was placed over his grave, and with date, correctly marks for a time his resting place. —Letter from the army.

THERE is a tree in front of Gen. Sherman's army, which is called the fatal tree. Seven men were shot, one after another, as they advanced to the ill-fated tree to take a secure position behind its huge trunk, when a board was placed there with the word "Dangerous," chalked upon it. The rebels shot the guide-board into fragments, and a sergeant took his place behind the unsuspecting tree. In less than five minutes two Minnie balls pierced the sergeant's body, and he fell, the eighth martyr beneath the shadow of the tree of death.

A MAN was burned to death in Liverpool from the ignition of lucifer matches, which he carried in his trousers pocket. The fire spread all over his underclothing and before his dress could be cut off his injuries became fatal.

A PLOWMAN on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

For the Grand Haven News.
Saturday Night.

How sweet are the associations which come this night of the week. It is like the benediction which closes the services of the sanctuary, for that it asks God's blessing upon the work done. It is only the thoughtless, the heart darkened by distrust, or racked with sleepless care, that can not murmur a kind, feeling, holy prayer to the most High, upon the return of Saturday night, bringing with it repose, a furlough from duty, the promise of the Sabbath to follow. We must have pity for such a soul. Life has little enjoyment and pleasure, little of fruits whose expressed sweetness is to give the greatest comforts of living. But for him whose conscience is at rest, is at peace with his neighbor, whose favor is right with the world, whose days are of peaceful and fruitful labor, and whose home is home, oh! Saturday night is the sweetest, happiest and the gladdest of times. Not so alone for its release from the fever of labor, but that, like a beneficent visitor, it whispers of the precious Sabbath that is near; it recalls, in its stillness, the days that are passed. It is then that the soul leaps over the space of years and goes back—back to the days when the heart was young in years, fresh in emotions, pure in purpose, ambitious and quick in thought, and we dream that we are young again! Over fields and meadows, over the highways and busy mart we flit and follow, still a boy, with a boy's purposes and the possessor of a boy's castles, so beautiful, so perfect, so strange! Ah! who would not be a boy again? But we grow along in years. How we feel something of manhood in our strength, something of wisdom in our experience, and the head thrills with wonderful emotions of love. Then the blood pulses through the veins with quickened haste, for then comes the remembrance of those whose soft footsteps pressed down the gentle flowers, and words were said which only the angels might hear, but which brought the lips together in one long thrilling kiss. A mist of months float gently before our minds, and then comes the bridal scene, where the beautiful of life had its most hopeful, fairest realization, and where the hearts which God had formed for mates were bound by earthly ties, and sealed the completeness of husband—wife!

GREELY ON PEACE.—One year ago Mr. Greely said in the New York Tribune: "If three months more of earnest fighting shall not serve to make a serious impression on the rebels—if the end of that term shall find us no farther advanced than in the beginning—if some malignant fate has decreed that the blood and treasure of the nation shall ever be squandered in fruitless efforts, let us bow to our destiny, and make the best attainable peace." What does Greely now think of the situation? Does he think that we have made a sufficiently "serious impression," on the rebels, and they too have made very serious impressions upon us? Are not "the blood and treasure of the country being squandered" to the extent his ardent imagination pictured? Will the Tribune philosopher tell us whether it isn't about time to "bow to our destiny and make the best attainable peace?" —Detroit Free Press.

THOUSANDS of acres of soil are annually planted to flowers in France and Italy, for making perfume alone. The atmosphere of some of these towns is so filled with fragrance that a person is made aware of his approach to them by the odors which greet him miles away.

It is said that although Gen. Fremont has drawn his pay as a Major General, for the last two years, he has carefully dedicated every dollar of it for the benefit of soldiers in the field, not choosing to eat bread of a Government which he was not allowed to serve.

From the Boston Recorder.
Fourth of July in 1803.

The following selections are taken from an Oration delivered by the late Rev. Oliver Cobb, D. D., at Rochester, Mass., July 4th, 1803:

"In the Federal Constitution, a foundation is laid for Liberty superior to what any nation on the Globe ever enjoyed, as refined as any may ever expect. Had our political existence been ushered in, like the greater part of nations, we should be lost in ignorance respecting it, or what is worse, should find baseness in it, of which we should wish to be ignorant. As we can revert to the origin of our Country without a blush, so we can to our National Independence. Independence was not declared because we had the power to be free, but because we had the right. It is not enough that these United States were declared free and independent. No; it is our duty to transmit to posterity and preserve inviolate those blessings, which, under God, have resulted from the wisdom, toil, treasure and blood of our fathers and brethren. If, when life demands, a right hand or a right eye must be sacrificed, everything must be sacrificed when Liberty demands. Vigilance, zeal and activity should be exerted to keep alive those principles which led to the declaration of Independence, which animated our armies and gave us the best constitution of civil government in the world. Among the loudest declaimers for Liberty are those who never know what rational Liberty is.

Man is ever aspiring and he has inverse as well as direct methods to attain his end. Our political fathers were not ashamed to acknowledge the superintending providence of God, and to look to heaven for divine benediction. In their distress they did look, they prayed, they were heard, they were answered. God was in the Cabinet with those sages who dared to proclaim these States free and independent. God was in the field with those illustrious heroes who fought for Liberty and crowned the arduous contest with victory; an imitation of their example would excite the rational hope that the God of our fathers will be our God. Then would Freedom's Temples continue to rise, and none would be considered the friends of American Independence who are the enemies of America's God.

The following selection is from the toasts given on the occasion:

1. The Institution of Civil Government. May this only protection of personal right never be choked by anarchy, or swallowed up by despotism.
2. The Constitution of the United States. May it never be overthrown by those who are out of, or subverted by those who are in the Administration of Government.
3. The American Eagle. May the Hawks and the Vultures of Europe be taught to pay it a proper respect and keep at a suitable distance.
4. The Memory of Washington. May the hand which would overthrow the beautiful structure he has raised, perish in the impious attempt.
5. The illustrious Congress of 1776. May their virtues be emulated till imperfection is extinct.

On Good Terms with the Enemy.

Before Gen. Meno issued an order forbidding communication with the enemy, the soldiers had become quite accessible.—A Tribune letter says:

"The men on both sides have been holding intercourse with each other for interchange of newspapers and the barter of coffee and tobacco. In this way a great deal of mischief was likely to result, as information of vital importance is always apt to leak out. The opposing lines of rifle pits, it must be borne in mind, are not a hundred yards apart—in some parts of the line much closer. Adventurous spirits, on both sides, cautiously raise their heads above the earthworks. 'How are you, Johnny?' 'How are you, Yank?' are questions usually banded. 'Won't you shoot?' says one. 'No,' says the other. 'Well, we won't,' chime in all, and immediately the parapets are swarmed with the men who have been concealed and protected behind them. Out jump the fellows from the rifle pits, and putting down their guns, stretch their cramped forms upon the grass. Sharpshooters covertly slide down from perches in the trees and loil about in utter abandon. Trade is quickly opened, and all sorts of commodities are exchanged. The men have keen pleasure in their situation."